

TOLD OF UMBRELLAS.

Strange Experiences People Have Had With Them.

Strayed, Stolen and Recovered Under Odd Circumstances.

Lively Competition for "The Evening World's" Gold Double Eagle.

The competition for the *Evening World's* gold double eagle for the most interesting story about an umbrella has become very lively.

Persons who have an umbrella with a history.

THE *Evening World* would like to try to win the gold double eagle offered as a prize for the most interesting story in which an umbrella figures.

Those entering this contest must comply with the following regulations:

Letters must not be more than 200 words long.

They must be written on one side of the paper only.

The writer's name and address must accompany each letter, not for publication, but for identification.

Letters must be addressed to *Umbrella Editor, P. O. Box 2, 275 Broadway*.

A gold double eagle will be given for the best story.

Twice Lost and Found.

Two years ago while travelling on the Ontario and Western Railroad to New York from Liberty Falls I left my umbrella on the rack in the train and on leaving forgot to take it along with me. I made inquiries at the office without success.

A year ago on my way to Long Branch I began to rain very hard, and not having an umbrella with me I felt that I would get a good drenching before I reached my cottage, there being no rain at my station—the north end. As I got up to go out I espied an umbrella in the empty seat behind me, and found it to be my umbrella—my initials being on the handle.

During the summer the umbrella was lost again. While stopping with a friend a short time in the city, I forgot to take it along with me, and on leaving forgot to take it along with me. I made inquiries at the office without success.

C. F. K.

It Saved Two Lives.

In 1864 a half caste was sentenced to imprisonment for an atrocious assault and confined in the fort at Omoa, Honduras. His conviction was mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. Charles Melhado, of New Orleans, then residing and transacting business at Omoa.

Mr. Melhado frequently threatened to kill Mr. Melhado when released. He served his term and was discharged. Soon afterwards Mr. Melhado was walking with a friend, and was carrying an open umbrella to shield them from the burning sun.

Suddenly they heard a cry of rage and, looking up, perceived the convict rushing upon them with his machete uplifted ready to strike.

Before Mr. Melhado's friend gave me an umbrella. This was, I suppose, because she had never known me to leave her house on a rainy night without borrowing one. Time flew and I prospered.

In 1879 I learned the sad news of the death of her father and only support, and a month later we were to marry in St. Louis.

At the time I arrived there late and retired for the night at the Southern, and was awakened by another smoke and cries of fire.

Groining to the window, I heard a woman's wild scream from the next room. I turned, and my God! there was darkness. It was a madman's sight, and I must have been inspired, for I seized my umbrella, the same one he had given me years ago, and a hole in the top of it, handed it across to her and said, "Jump, for God's sake!" She did and was saved.

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CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

The Season Opened With a Host of New Attractions.

Francis Wilson's "Merry Monarch" and "Christopher Columbus" Make Their Bow.

The Merry Monarch, a comic opera with music by Emile Chabrier and words by J. Cheever Goodwin, was presented by Francis Wilson and company at the Broadway Theatre last night.

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SPORTS IN FIELD AND AFLOAT.

The Assurance of the Defeated Bradford Boat Club.

Mercury-Footed Athletes Training Under Pleasant Auspices.

And now, the Bradford Boat Club, of Boston, was the Atlantic to row them on Labor Day. The Bradford club, which was defeated at Lake Quinimond, at the hands of the famous Atlantic champion eight in the National. As usual, when the Atlantic club claim that their defeat is due to a combination of the crew; that the eight are jealous of each other, and that one or two men in the boat committed a defeat.

The trouble seems to be that there is difference of opinion in the crew as to the proper stroke to row and the adoption of the methods advocated by one portion of the crew are opposed by the other to the extent of incurring defeat to prove the fallacy of the stroke in question. At least so go the rumors. If the Bradford club wish to succeed they had better cease their internal wrangling, say the oarsmen.

Whether the Atlantic will consent to row again on Labor Day is a question. Moreover, the Bradford club have the honor to say that the race shall take place on the Charles River. There is no reason whatever, why the Atlantic should care to row the Bradford club again this season and certainly it is cool, to say the least, for the Bradford club to expect them to go to Boston to do it.

If the Boston oarsmen want to measure blades again with the Atlantic let them do so on the Passaic or Harlem. But it is doubtful if the victorious Atlantic club would be willing to submit to the exactions of training, after the amount of it they have done this year, merely to satisfy this new whim of the defeated crew.

The athletes of the New York Athletic Club who intend to participate in the Fall championships of the A. A. U. are to commence training this week. Every afternoon train to the Madison Square Garden and the Mercury-footed athletes will be seen there.

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WIT AND WISDOM ON TAP.

Here Jokers Congregate and Exchange Views of Life.

She Was Interested.

Hand-I-I thought not. She is your wife.

A Well-Known Resort.

Is your family going to Newport, Bob?

Yes, where are you going?

Where I know yet. Into bankruptcy.

Tanster Differ.

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FROM THE WORLD OF LABOR.

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AN ACTOR IN THE PULPIT.

Preacher Lorimer's Graphic Sermon on the Prodigal Son.

He Had Been a Very Wild Young Man Himself Once.

In 1850, I think it was, a strolling company of English actors were occupying the boards of the old Louisville Theatre, which stood on the corner now covered by the *Evening Journal* building, says a writer in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

In those days a company would frequently stay at a place three or four weeks, and it was so of the one I speak of. In this company was a young man named George C. Lorimer, who is now the pastor of the largest Baptist Church in Chicago.

At that time he and his companions were a pretty wild set, and always out for the most part. One day they were standing on the corner in front of the theatre when a lady came by distributing religious tracts. She handed a copy to one of the young men who refused to take it, afterwards stating, "Give it to Lorimer, he needs it most."

Lorimer took the tract and politely thanked the lady. The latter was one of the most devout of the followers of the pastor of the Fourth and Walnut Street Baptist Church. The church stood there where one does now, but it was a much smaller building.

At the time I speak of Mr. Lorimer was holding a series of meetings at the church. Mr. Lorimer invited young Lorimer to come out to the meetings on the following Sunday, which he did, taking several of his companions with him.

Mr. Lorimer was a very able preacher, and prepared a sermon especially with the view of interesting the young actors.

He must have succeeded beyond his own expectations, for young Lorimer, at a single sermon, was converted by the story of the Prodigal Son.

Mr. Lorimer promised him that if he would give up the stage he would have him educated for the ministry. He was converted, and the coincidence was carried further in his selection of "The Prodigal Son" for his theme.

The great actor's conversion of his training as an actor into the pulpit with him, and he was a much more eloquent and effective preacher than Parsons.

The conversion of the story of the Prodigal Son the dramatic figured prominently and always produced a powerful effect on his audience.

In the course of the sermon he would come down out of the pulpit and sit on the first step with his face in his hands. In this dejected position he would remain for some time, colloquially on his unhappy condition.

But presently he, too, would become animated with the recollections of his boyhood home, and his eyes would kindle with the anticipation of his reception by his father.

With an exclamation he would arise and rush back into the pulpit. The prodigal minister could not impersonate the father and would not forward to meet the returning prodigal. The latter would fall upon his neck and weep. It was a grand acting, and the effect upon the audience was indescribable.

Mr. Lorimer was pastor of the Fourth and Walnut Street Baptist Church for a long time, but by the offer of a large salary he was induced to accept the pastorate of the leading Baptist church of Boston, and afterwards he came to Chicago.

The Strike and Its Causes.

In the *Tribune* of Aug. 14 appears a letter in which all the blame for the inconvenience to the public on the New York Central Railroad recently is attributed to the men who went on strike.

This is not just. The facts do not bear it out.

Some of the employees of the Central Railroad were active in organizing a society connected with the Knights of Labor, as they had a perfect right to do.

They talked that matter up among their fellow-workmen, sometimes during their hours of service. It does not appear, however, that they neglected their duties.

But the railroad authorities were opposed to the organizing and determined, if possible, to prevent it. They were not alone in this, several of the more active organizers, of whom were among their best and oldest employees.

It is vain to give other reasons. This was the real reason—to prevent their organizing.

Now all men have certain inalienable rights, among which is the right to organize for any lawful purpose. There are also certain inalienable rights which bind men together—employers and employees—one cannot get along without the other.

Believing they had been aggrieved the men decided to strike the matter with the railroad officials through their representatives. The officials promptly declined to discuss the matter, and the strike was on.

By declaring men for organizing and then refusing to talk with them, together constitute an act of tyranny. Men may have their own way, but they must not, by not using their power wisely, be allowed to harm the public.

It is reported that the Central Railroad has lost heavily by the trouble, but not one of the directors who are the men who have sufficient to suffer inconveniences worth the money to stop work, which they did, at previous agreement, all at the same time.

The poor men and their families and sufferers. They are to some extent silent martyrs to the laboring cause.

OSWEGO.

The Reward of Politeness.

Office Boy (to a merchant)—A friend of your father wishes to see you, sir.

NIGGINS' GERMAN LAUNDRY SOAP IS THE BEST.

Send or Mail to our office, corner Park and Clinton aves., or P. O. Box 55, Brooklyn, 25 Cerman Laundry Soap Wrappers and we'll send you a Handsome Picture.

WHY DON'T you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache and all the ills produced by disordered liver.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th St. Night, 8, 10, 12. Mat. Wednesday and Saturday. 10c. 15c. 20c. 25c. 30c. 35c. 40c. 45c. 50c. 55c. 60c. 65c. 70c. 75c. 80c. 85c. 90c. 95c. 1.00.

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